

Macc Lads, The "Lady Muck"

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Well I want to sing a song about Lady Muck yoooh,
Well, it weren't her real name, but it rhymed with fuck.
An' I'm gonna nacc me voice doin' this for too long,
Come on Fast Fret, let's get on with the song.
She was sitting at a table shouting "Waiter where's the
wine?"
But you don't come in MacDonald's if you really want to
get pissed,
Take me for a drink, she handed me her car keys,
Get me out of here, the place is full of grelbies.
You can use her piss for purfume and her pubes for
dental floss,
And her shit would make good perfume because she's
so fucking posh,
Lady Muck.
Drove her round the town, Friday night were pay night,
She said she was a witch and turned into a layby,
Did a spell of snogging and a spot of fingering,
Found her name was Jonelle by the lables on her
lingerie...
She had a fur coat and no knickers,
But she were a real lady,
And she never swore or farted
And she drove a gold Mercedes,
Lady Muck.
Yaaaaaaaaw.
You can use her piss for purfume and her pubes for
dental floss,
And her shit would make good perfume because she's
so fucking posh,
She had a fur coat and no knickers,
Butshe were a real lady,
And she never swore or farted
When she spilt her chips and gravy.
Lady Muck,
Lady Muck,
Lady Muck,
Lady Muck.

